

PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned as Executor of Dr. J. A. Shirley, in order to settle his estate, will, at his late home on Maysville street, in Mt. Sterling, Ky., on

Saturday, March 4th.

AT 2 O'CLOCK P. M.

sell at Public Sale Dr. Shirley's residence property. The lot has a frontage of 102.9 feet on Maysville street and a depth of over 400 feet; and has on it a large two-story frame residence.

TERMS: One-half cash; remainder in six months with lien on property.

At same time there will also be sold a lot of household and kitchen furniture and other personal property, consisting of sundry items too numerous to mention. Personal property will be sold for cash.

Persons desiring to see the residence property will call on Miss Flo Shirley, or the undersigned.

Chas. D. Grubbs,
EXECUTOR

THE BACHELOR

By FLORENCE A. FRENCH.

© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

The affair began on the beach. Colorless stretches of barren sand make perfectly splendid backgrounds for sunshades, and when the sunshade in question is a flaming cerise and the beach is otherwise deserted, the effect produced is startling. I might have known I would be pursued by a woman sooner or later, but I scarcely thought the frivolous sex would care to venture into this bleak and barren neck of the woods.

I, Grey S. Payson, was anything but pleased at the prospect, for it looked as if this designing creature were settled for a comfortable morning in my favorite rocky retreat. Of course I could not risk getting acquainted with her, and remaining longer on the beach would most certainly mean getting acquainted. Not that I would be guilty of bringing it about, but she would probably faint or ask to borrow my fountain pen or need rescuing from something or other. 'Tis the silly ways of all Daughters of Eve.

A deep pity stirred my being. The injustice of it all! A ruined vacation, and, the cause—a woman! I had a swift vision of being forced to accompany her on frequent rambles, helping her by her nervous, clinging hands over innumerable rocks and exerting my manly strength in her behalf.

"Ye gods!" I exclaimed wrathfully, "when is a bachelor safe?"

Generous fathers and beaming mothers bent on disposing of their bon-bon daughters, had haunted me. Forward maidens had openly proposed to me, yet, thus far, I had escaped the horrible clutches of matrimony.

I loved my wild, desolate bit of northern coast, the barren fishing village and its simple fisher-folk. And now a woman from another world had invaded my paradise! I spent a most miserable morning avoiding her.

By so doing I acquired an aching head and a 24-hour groch, to say nothing of my splendidly blistered feet. Flooding wearily home I resolved to meet the enemy and—ignore her. Having resolved upon this procedure, I was eager to begin it, and it was therefore with much delight that I chanced to come upon the annoying person, calmly seated upon my golden sands, gazing with vacant eyes upon my foamy ocean, the cerise parasol a most glaring evidence. Seating myself at a distance, I lit my pipe and turned my back on her. I'll show her!

To my amazement the enemy remained oblivious to my presence. I chuckled. Her indifference was too good to be true, and I only hoped it would last all morning.

It did.

It was noon when she arose gracefully and slowly made her way down the beach toward the village. I caught a full glimpse of the intruder, for she lowered her sunshade. In a flash it dawned upon me that a snapper attire would best become my manly figure. I had somewhat neglected my person during my solitary watch by the sea.

It was therefore with great pride that I made my appearance before breakfast, bedecked in cool white nels.

Then I resolved to be nice to her. After all she was probably a very ordinary person. I had made a mountain out of a mole hill, and, by jingo, she wasn't bad looking! It was then I discovered that the lady had begun the ignoring method herself. She snubbed me openly. With eyes that seemed to look through me, yet saw me not, she passed me. I might have been a man of stone for all she seemed to care. Daily we occupied the same beach, breathed the same air, and yet I, Grey S. Payson, a bachelor of some importance, was ignored by a woman—with a cerise parasol!

A week dragged by. The intruder stayed on, and so did I, for why, pray, should this haughty person drive me from my haven? She should not! Her behavior puzzled me at first, so I shadowed her eagerly. I, too, could play my cards and the last trick would be mine!

Sunday dawned bright and glorious. The glittering sands and water beckoned to me, and likewise to a cerise sunshade. I spied it peeking over a boulder. I hastened eagerly, a song on my lips. I would approach the damsel, bow gravely, pass the time of day and depart. I couldn't be too cautious. So, adjusting my nose glasses, I made boldly toward the flaming color.

I hesitated at the sound of voices. She was not alone. It was a masculine voice. At that moment she appeared, a flush on her pretty face.

"There he is, Reggie, the brute!"

I was rudely grasped by a tall, slim young man and shaken violently.

"Let me explain!" I muttered feebly. "I'll teach you to annoy my wife!"

thundered Reggie, as he rattled my teeth again. "You 'frit!"

As I blindly groped my way back to the village, under darkening skies, I shook my head sadly and gave it up.

"When, if ever, are bachelors safe?"

Rise in Temperature.

"Why do you keep a thermometer hanging right above the desk in your telephone booth?"

"As a warning to hasty-tempered telephone users."

"Yes?"

"When they start to swearing they can see the mercury going up."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

DISCUSSING NORA

By MOLLIE MATHERS.

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

They were in the sun room, while out where the scarlet sage made a glory around her, sat Nora.

"This," remarked a determined-looking woman, "is the most reckless thing that she has done. I must confess to having been more or less shocked all along at Nora's actions. She is what one might call independently reckless. Of course, I don't believe all that I hear about her throwing this one and that one over. It is more likely that the Wilkin's man, for instance, did not reach a state of proposal. Eligible young men are not so easily cast aside. But it is certain, that Nora went around with him here a lot."

A red haired, and very young girl spoke up from a corner.

"Ted Wilkins was crazy about Nora," she said defiantly. "anyone could see that. So are all her admirers—and every man who comes here is an admirer of her's, open or secretly. But money doesn't move Nora Barron, or charm, or anything. She's just friendly with them all, and a mighty good friend at that. I ought to know I've been with her enough."

Mrs. Gladden stared at the girl coldly.

"You are too young to judge, Helene," she reproved, "or to join in discussion."

The young girl bent to her knitting.

"Some discussion," she remarked succinctly.

Mrs. Benton continued the topic.

"Ever since I came to this hotel," she said, "it has been one man or another with that girl, driving or walking or singing in turn. And she is utterly indifferent to criticism. Strangers to her, these men are, yet dancing attendance after an evening's acquaintance. And Nora is old enough to know better. Much older, I really believe than most of us think. This latest episode of her's, however, is positively reckless. Going about day and night with a stable groom—a hotel stable groom."

Helene gazed meditatively out of the window.

"Gee!" she mused, "he's handsomer than any movie hero I know; tall, and dark and—dandy."

"My dear," corrected Helene's mother, "you have caught Nora's foolish enthusiasm, and I am afraid some of her views. Keep them to yourself."

"The man has completely fascinated Nora," said Mrs. Gladden.

"Her aunt, Mrs. Barron insists that she will have not one penny of her money if she continues in her friendship with the interloper."

"I," said Mrs. Gladden virtuously, "have done all I could to influence the young man against it; assured him, when he was driving my car one day, and I entered casually but purposely into conversation, that Nora acted in precisely this same manner to every new young man who came to the hotel, and that he, the Larry person, was not considered by her apart from his usefulness. The young man had the impertinence to laugh in my face and tell me I was mistaken."

"Knows of course," sighed Mrs. Benton, "of Nora's complete infatuation. I, instead, endeavored to bring her to her senses. Showed her the impossibility of the situation. But it was of no use. Nora snubbed me directly; picked up her book and left the room."

"Someone else is going to leave the room right now," said Helene explosively, and she went out to the garden, crossing deliberately to Nora, among the scarlet blossoms. Helene dropped down on the grass at her friend's side.

"For the love of Mike, Nora," she exclaimed, "tell me whether you are in love with that handsome driver or not. And if you are, what you intend to do about it. Those cats," she shrugged back toward the hotel, "are having a great time speculating. Will you really lose every cent of your Aunt Barron's money if you insist on marrying?"

Nora smiled.

"I suppose so," she answered cheerfully, "but what matter?"

The very young girl stared wonderingly.

"So that's love," she remarked.

"You do love him, and so you don't care about anything else."

"He is worth loving," Nora said softly, her brown eyes deepened in tenderness. "Larry has tried long and patiently to know me better, and to teach me to know him. But I missed a lot of my youth, Helene; it has only been on outings like this, that I came to know people at all. So, when Larry tried after our brief meeting in the Hills where we were guests last summer, to call upon me later in the city, he was repeatedly refused and conceived therefore, this idea of playing groom at the Cliff hotel, where we are safe from aunt's surveillance and naturally, occasionally be thrown upon each other's companionship. He intended in this way to teach me to love him."

"And he has," cried Helene delightedly.

Nora's arm slipped round the girl's shoulders.

"We are going in to the city to be married tomorrow," she confided, "and when you hear, don't worry about my lost fortune. Lawrence Brevans is well able to take care of his wife, my dear; he is as successful at law, in the city, as he has been here—in love."

DESIRABLE 71 ACRE FARM

At Master Commissioner's Sale

Mary E. Cockrell, Executrix, etc., vs. Wm. Cockrell, etc.

Pending in the Montgomery Circuit Court.

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1922

at 1:00 O'clock P. M.

At Court House Door, in Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.

This farm is located in Montgomery County, Kentucky, 5 miles south of Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, on the west side of the Mt. Sterling and Jeffersonville turnpike (which road has been designated as a Federal Aid road) leading to Eastern Kentucky.

There are 71 acres in said farm, all in grass except 10 acres; it is well watered and fenced, and has thereon a good 2-story frame 7-room residence, 2 stock barns, all necessary outbuildings; all kinds of fruit, and within one-eighth of a mile of the Camargo Consolidated School, churches and store. A good neighborhood.

Good grazing and productive land and a most desirable country home and farm.

TERMS—Six and twelve months.

This farm will be shown to probable purchasers by John S. Wyatt, of Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, and William Cockrell, who lives near the farm.

THOMAS D. GRUBBS, M.C.M.C.C.

MANURE BEST HAULED BEFORE SPRING RUSH

Economical handling of farm manure makes it almost necessary for farmers to spread the material now before the rush of spring begins, suggestions by specialists at the College of Agriculture point out. Usually there is less loss of fertility when the manure is spread on the fields than when it is handled in any other way. Early hauling also is necessary in the case of the coarse manure such as straw and stalks since these must be plowed under.

While early hauling is advisable, it is not to be recommended when the soil is soft, since the tramping may cause more injury than the manure will do good. Spreading the material thinly will make it easier to plow under and also give larger returns. This material which is the

WM. CRAVENS
Auctioneer
Can Get You Highest Price
Phone 143

cheapest fertilizer farmers have is well worth saving, the specialists declare.

A LITTLE SERMON

Don't make light of "Dad," young feller: He may wear a last year's hat, his finger nails may need manicuring; his vest may hang a little loose and his pants may bag at the knees; his face may show signs of a second-day's growth and the tin dinner bucket he carries may be full of dents and doughnuts; but don't call him "the old man." He's your father. For years and years he has been rustling around to get things together. Never once has he failed to do right thing by you. He thinks his son the greatest boy on earth, bar none, even though the son plasters his hair back, wears smart clothes, smokes cigarettes and fails to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love and life partnership of the greatest woman on earth—your mother. He is "some man" not "the old man." If you win as good a wife as he did, you will have to go some.

A determined effort is being made to ban the Ku Klux Klan. The day is past when night hood was in flower.

Lovers of Flowers

will find nice fresh-cut roses, carnations, lilies of the valley, cally lilies, mignonettes, daffodil, calendales, sweet peas, etc.

Prices right, flower fresh. Prompt delivery.

Brockway's Floral Shop
Funeral Flowers a Specialty

FLORIDA

Three Through Trains Daily
LEXINGTON-FLORIDA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

ROYAL PALM

Lv. Lexington 8:25 A. M.
Ar. Chattanooga 3:40 P. M.
Ar. Atlanta (et) 8:40 P. M.
Ar. Macon (et) 12:20 A. M.
Ar. Jacksonville 7:55 A. M.
Pullman Sleeping Cars and Coaches to Jacksonville
Dining cars serving all meals

OHIO SPECIAL

Lv. Lexington 10:40 A. M.
Ar. Chattanooga 8:20 P. M.
Ar. Atlanta (et) 11:20 P. M.
Ar. Macon (et) 3:05 A. M.
Ar. Jacksonville 11:30 A. M.
Pullman Sleeping Cars and Coaches to Jacksonville
Dining cars serving all meals

SUWANEE RIVER SPECIAL

Lv. Lexington 10:40 P. M.
Ar. Chattanooga 8:30 A. M.
Ar. Atlanta (C. T.) 11:25 A. M.
Ar. Macon (E. T.) 3:10 P. M.
Ar. Tampa 5:55 A. M.
Ar. Clearwater 7:30 A. M.
Ar. St. Petersburg 8:30 A. M.
Ar. Bradentown 7:25 A. M.
Ar. Sarasota 8:00 A. M.

(C. T.) Central Time (E. T.) Eastern Time

Pullman Sleeping Cars and Coaches to Tampa, St. Petersburg (Via Tampa)—Sarasota (Via Bradentown).
Dining Cars Serving All Meals.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations or other information, apply to Ticket Agent or

H. C. KING, Division Passenger Agent,
104 North Limestone Street, Lexington, Ky.

The

Phoenix Hotel

Lexington, Kentucky

Will continue to cater to its numerous Central Kentucky patrons in the usual first class manner with every detail for guests' comfort looked after.

EUROPEAN PLAN \$1.50 PER DAY UP

CHARLES H. BERRYMAN, Pres.

JOHN G. CRAMER, Mgr.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Two Through Trains Daily

Birmingham—New Orleans

New Orleans Limited

Lv. Lexington 10:40 A. M.
Lv. Danville 11:40 A. M.
Lv. Somerset 12:50 P. M.
Ar. Chattanooga 6:20 P. M.
Ar. Birmingham 10:35 P. M.
Ar. New Orleans 10:30 A. M.

Crescent City Special

Lv. Lexington 10:30 P. M.
Lv. Danville 11:30 P. M.
Lv. Somerset 12:40 A. M.
Ar. Chattanooga 6:20 A. M.
Ar. Birmingham 10:30 A. M.
Ar. New Orleans 10:00 P. M.

Pullman Sleeping Cars and Coaches

Dining Cars Serving All Meals

For tickets, sleeping car reservations or other information, apply to Ticket Agent, or address,

H. C. KING, District Passenger Agent,
104 North Limestone Street, Lexington, Ky.